

there, tho we teased them quite a good deal sometimes. When we were driving thru the country the children, girls as well as boys, would run after the jaunting car begging for pennies. Sometimes they would follow us a long distance, calling out in sweet, mellow voices with a rich Irish brogue, "ha'p'ny, ha'p'ny, ha'p'ny, oh sir! ha'p'ny for a scramble sir." "Ha'p'ny" is an abbreviated way of saying "half penny." When we tossed out money they did "scramble" for it indeed. A mass of waving arms and legs in the middle of the road, all on a heap in the dust, for a minute, and then some little chap would extricate himself from the mass and smiling all over his funny little freckled face, would hold up the penny in triumph, while the rest of the pack would come chasing on again like famished wolves.

Before I close this letter I should like to say just one word in explanation of the contents, not only of this, but of former letters of mine. Some one will wonder why the EVANGELIST prints the little trivial, personal incidents, the Irish tales, the stories of giants, etc., which have had so large a place in my letters. It is not because they are important or even interesting, in themselves, they are, some of them, childish; but I have written in this way so that EVANGELIST readers may see something of the quaintness and primitiveness of the Irish people as they are at home. My next letter will be about Scotland.

PULPIT ECHOES

Providing for Our Own

Let us understand clearly then that we are to "provide for our own," not the things demanded by worldly pride, not the sumptuous living which the world seeks after, not the treasures upon earth which the selfish covet, not the heritage of wealth which so many seek to leave for their children and which simply proves a curse to them, not the things which belong to God, but the daily bread for which we pray—the "to artos" or daily "barley loaf" as the Greek has it. That is, as stewards we are to provide for our own a plain, modest living and use all the rest, not as we wish or the world would, but as God wishes. To him by and by we shall give an account of our stewardship.

C. F. YODER.

Joshua 1: 2, First Clause

The penalty of Moses' death is distinctly marked. Death, in a certain sense, is always penal. Sin introduced it into the world. But the life of Moses did not extend to a more advanced period because of a direct violation of the expressed mind of God: He personally disobeyed the will of him who had led his feet, selected his paths and furnished him for the work to which he had been called. What an inconsistent creation man is! How often do we find the failings of the great and good wrapped in those virtues by which they have proved the grand-

ness of their characters! Abraham, the father of the faithful, sinned thru unbelief. Job, most remarkable for patience, struggled under the hand of God and cursed the day of his birth. And Moses, the meekest of men, forgot the holiness of the Divine Father's presence and, like a spoiled child, spoke under the influence of passion. Israel was ready to enter the promised land, the Jordan was in sight, the new country was stretching before them, from Jerico northward and from the hills of Hermon to the Mediterranean Sea; but Moses gave up his life "according to the word of the Lord." The offence of Moses seemed little indeed, but the penalty was great; and we who are disobeying God, even in the smallest way, should be wise enough to know that he is "the same yesterday, today and forever," and deals with sin and the sinner after the same old plan.

J. C. MACKEY.

Christian Positivism

The Christian faith is not a speculative system, is not the creation of a dreamer, is not founded on theories or emotions but rests on a person and the history of a person, Jesus Christ. He is the foundation of our blessed assurance, his word, the record of his life and acts and their following influences on man is a Christian positivism and not a speculation. We know that tho "heaven and earth shall pass away" his "words shall not pass away." Again I say Christianity is founded on more than emotion or even the "I believes" of men, but on the "I know in whom I have believed" and the kindred, positive statements of the word.

E. E. HASKINS.

The Ideal in Forming Character

Man sees not so much by the light without as by the light within. By the spirit of God man may comprehend God. God has an ideal for each child of his. The Holy Spirit alone can comprehend that ideal. One office of the spirit is to give us a vision of God's ideal.

Ideals give aspiration, and aspiration gives impetus to effort. The force of a man's life is in proportion to the loftiness of his ideals. When once a soul gets a vision of the glorified Christ as God's ideal for it the gates of hell can not prevail against it.

When God's ideal is out of our lives we gravitate downward. Visions of the ideal are wrongs which bear us up. Thank God that he gives us visions of fairer things than those of earth. Thank him if in your life there is a vision of the glorified Christ whom you long to be like.

L. W. DITCH.

Something Missing

J. C. CASSEL

I need not speak of the fact of my wife's death, others have done that, but a few words of experience before and since her departure may not be amiss.

She was suffering from what proved to be

Bright's disease, for almost a whole year, and during the last ten weeks her suffering was very intense, at times excruciatingly so; while I deplored the pain to her I found it a pleasure to wait upon her; the hardest and bitterest time being the last week when she could not receive or respond to attentions any more, and when every touch of her body occasioned agony. The last three days she laid (we trust) unconsciously in the throes of death, a scene very painful to all that beheld it, and doubly so to those of us in the house that waited upon her, when we could no longer remain in the room with her because of its offensiveness.

I was fully aware of the nature of her affliction and anticipated her end, but I now realize that I could not have anticipated if I would, the effect her departure has produced upon my heart and mind, and to put it mildly I realize that there is "SOMETHING MISSING." I could not describe the aching void if I tried to, and I have no inclination to inflict the sensation upon others. Such as have had similar experiences know all about it, and such as have not, cannot know what it is. The bed and pillow are just as soft as before but do not afford the restful sleep of former days. I am however aware that the things of this life are but transitory, sorrow as well as joy, hence, I hopefully look forward to the time the wounds of this hour shall at least be measurably healed again and life will put on its usual glow of joy.

I do not sorrow as those that have no hope, while the life of my companion may not have been as luminous as some other lives, her fortitude and courage, and her faith and trust in the crucified Christ was something to be coveted by the most pious saint; never a murmur, never a fear concerning the inevitable, and multiplied prayers that the end might speedily come. She claimed no merit of her own but trusted wholly in her Savior. Often have I felt that my life with her might be a failure, but if the impression produced by her latter days will be realized when we meet on the other side, it will have been a great success, bringing glory to God, and a rich reward to myself. So may it be.

During the last few months she gave utterance to very pathetic thoughts. I was impressed with the fact of how beautiful life grows when earth and earthly things recede, and only the higher and better life is in evidence, "Oh what must it be to be there."

The words of sympathy that came from every quarter and the tangible expressions of love by near by friends were very touching and greatly appreciated. May the dear Lord richly reward all and over-rule this sad experience of my life to his glory and to the good of all that contributed to my comfort.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.—Sel.